



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 114.

The Principles of Nature.

THE RIGHTS OF MAJORITIES.

BY I. REHN.

That the majority have a right to govern, in the abstract sense—that in which it is generally claimed—is a most monstrous assumption, and in my estimation involves the grossest form of tyranny with which the world was ever beset.

I am aware that in the position I here assume I may render myself obnoxious to those windy political seers whose business it is to "save the Union," particularly when no one wishes to destroy it; but as I shall submit what is said to the criticism of men who think, it will be but a small matter to bear the assaults of such as have been named. A right to govern! And where did that imagined right have its origin? By whose authority was it conferred? Upon what statute in the book of Nature is it founded?

As there is probably no one proposition more unhesitatingly received—by the people of this country, at least, than the one I mean to question in this article, nor by the denial of which, the party so denying is more likely to become an outlaw from the so-called Democracy—it is important that good and substantial reasons be presented by such as venture publicly to so great a heresy in support of the ground assumed. And feeling that my difference with them is no greater than is theirs with me, I may plead some justification in thus daring to offer my views in a candid spirit to those who wish to read. It is, too, somewhat humiliating in an age which boasts of its progress—and that with much justice—to see every truth which this wonder-working creation of God is continually unfolding to bless the race of humanity, and heal its bruises, obliged to come howling and scraping its admission into the world with its hat under its arm, as though it were some eleemosynary pensioner upon its bounty, rather than its savior.

But without wasting time in formalities, I will proceed. Man is born into the world possessing certain capabilities of growth, and accompanied by certain requirements, the former susceptible of indefinite expansion, which it is his duty, and should be his privilege, to promote by an unlimited and uncontrolled access to all available and possible resources, moral, intellectual, and material, which offer their treasures to his uses and challenge his powers to active life, the latter to be provided for as the sustaining basis of the former, while in the rudimentary state of existence. These capabilities, though varied in a relative extent with regard to individual cases, are nevertheless as general and extensive as the race, each having to some extent the same in kind, though varied in degree.

It is to be remembered, too, that these faculties are inherent in us, having no will of our own, nor a choice as to the nature or quality of them; and furthermore, that they are active by virtue of an animus of their own, and necessarily come in contact with principles and things around them, and thus actualize themselves into creations of beauty and order, and, may be, disorder. As these are truths with regard to man now, so were they of him in all past time, since the first human pulse throbbed and the first human eye opened upon heaven's sunlight. Thus are all men not only brothers, being born of the same parentage, but equals, with the qualifications of degree above-mentioned, and alike possessed of common faculties, meant, from the very nature of their constitution, to be active. For instance, we have eyes with which to see, ears with which to hear, a tongue with which to speak, a head with which to think, organs by which we appreciate the sublime—the ideal—color, form, size, etc., with all the organs more strictly pertaining to the functions and uses of the body. It will be seen, also, that each and every one of these organs or faculties have an external relation, by which is meant that they are designed to come in contact with things external to themselves, as the eye does with light, the ear with atmospheric vibrations, etc.

So also of our wants. In the performance of the functions of the mind and body there is a loss or consumption of material which must be supplied by the use of food, which we draw from without; also there is a demand that the body be protected. The chilling blasts of winter make heavy contributions upon the animal heat, to correct which we clothe ourselves and build tenements to shelter us from the storms; all of which are to be provided by access to the world without. It will not be necessary to enter into an argument to prove what it is presumed all men will admit, and we may therefore venture to lay down the following propositions as truths, viz.:

1. The fact of the endowment of life presumes the right of life.
2. Man is born into the world with certain wants, faculties, and powers which are innate and common to all.
3. These wants, faculties, and powers depend mainly, if not entirely, for their support and development upon man's contact with the world around and the elements which it affords.
4. That the right to the means by which life is sustained is parallel with the right to life.

I have already stated another fact, which will no doubt be

admitted, and that is, that what is true of man now was true of him ever, in respect to his faculties.

With this much common ground, upon which all must fall back and take their stand as a starting-point, let us here institute some inquiries into the origin of this thing called government; for if government be an institution founded upon principle, that institution must be predicated upon some necessity of our nature, and administered by virtue of some right, either let down from heaven (*jure divino*) or exhumed from "mother earth." It is exceedingly amusing to trace the sophisms of law writers of the past, and see to what desperate resorts they are led, in the hope of being able to give a semblance of authority to those who in high places have tyrannized over the bodies, minds, and souls of men, crushing out the manhood of the race, and subordinating it to personal ambition, making the green earth to groan under the weary tread of her stricken children—marshaling in fratricidal conflict millions of God's children, who, stimulated by the falsities of government and religion, make the world desolate in war and impoverished in peace.

If there be such a thing as a right vested in one or more persons, or even a majority, to govern, which right is not possessed by others, it must have one of the following sources, viz., 1. Divine right; 2. Human conceded right; or, 3. The right of might.

The first claim is virtually, in this country at least, abandoned, and we may therefore permit that to pass to the Eastern hemisphere for discussion; the credentials being too informal to sustain so weighty a claim, the holders thereof are obliged to change tactics, and by playing upon another string, effect by wire-pulling and whisky what unmasked impudence could not. The second presumes human rights to be like a man's coat or his purse, which, by a mere act of volition, he may hand to his neighbor to be disposed of as he sees fit. It supposes that the people may delegate to a governmental authority the right to do something which the individual may not. For instance, to hang one of its subjects by the neck, or decapitate him at the block, or give license and sanction to a national butchery, to make a legitimate, honest, and useful calling contraband, and do all this with clean, unsullied hands. Nay, even more, yet to implore Heaven's blessing on the outrage, and sing "Te Deums" over smoking cities, crushed nations, and hecatombs of slain. If the individuals have no right to perpetrate such deeds in their individual capacity, how came they in their collective capacity to be possessed with this right, if all the right and authority to act is derived from the integral parts of the whole? Can the individual confer upon another a power he possesses not himself? Can the "stream rise higher than the fountain?"

But again: If the acts performed by government in any respect are of such a nature as that such acts would be wrong in the citizen to perform, and the government derives its sole powers from the consent or concession of the governed, then it follows that the citizens collectively have a right to do wrong—than which no absurdity can be greater.

And again: The supposition that individuals may compromise or barter away their rights with impunity is not only a fallacy, but the act impossible. The proof of this is found in the fact that all rights are inalienable. We can no more barter away our moral, intellectual, physical, and social rights, than we can barter away our heads and live. "That Divine Wisdom which created man has indissolubly bound together the right and the exercise thereof, and no power in the earth can sunder them. In this also is exhibited a splendid evidence of the goodness of God, thus constituting his sentient children a harmonious combination of activities, giving both pleasure and knowledge, which the creature, in the blindness of infancy, can not squander if he would. What would we think of a man who should be foolish enough to talk of delegating to the President and Congress the right to eat and sleep for him, to clothe themselves for him, and perform such other physical requirements as nature demands of himself? If such a proposition would render a man ridiculous, what should be thought of him who would wish to delegate to others the nobler rights of mind and the spiritual nature? It is true that the idea obtains that governmental authority is derived from rights delegated by the citizen, and this idea has exhibited itself in the Church also, as we may see in the creeds and ritualism of both Catholicism and Protestantism. In religion, the world has conceded to the Church the right of doing all the thinking for its members. When, therefore, we come to look at this subject in the simple matter-of-fact, every-day light, in its bearings upon our animal necessities, we see that the transfer of rights is not only improbable, but actually impossible. What is a right but the supply of the demands of the activities of our nature in its simple and composite constitution? As, the eye demands light as a right, the eye by nature being adapted to light and light to the eye; the stomach and nutritive organs to food, and food to them; the mind to expansion, and therefore free thought; the soul to an assimilation with the attributes of the Divinity, and therefore to stretch forth its hand and drink long and deep potations from the well-spring of love and goodness. Rights are as much a part of our individuality as is our head or heart, and alike inseparable from us. They are not those windy, indefinable appendages to our being as they are frequently supposed to be—something susceptible of being swapped off as we would a jack-knife or a shilling. It is for this reason that they are inalienable, and if inalienable, how shall they be alienated? and if they can not be alienated, how shall we delegate to others to do for us what the imperative law of our nature demands to be done by ourselves only?

Again, What is it that government may do as a right, that the individual may not do with an equal right? In answer to this we are told that the civil and criminal jurisprudence of the country of right belong to the government, because citizens who have been injured in person or property could not well do justly by the offender, while smarting under the injury, as a calm, deliberate court and jury could do, nor mete out the proper punishment to the transgressor. Without stopping to discuss the question here of the right of either government or citizens to inflict pain because an offense has been committed, may we not ask whether it is necessarily the case that courts award just decisions and that citizens would not? If such is not necessarily the case, then it is merely a question of expediency, with which at this time we have nothing at all to do, and which is virtually yielding the point. Besides, it is not unfrequently the case that courts and juries do manifest wrong, notwithstanding all the supposed disinterestedness and calmness attributed to them, and also that injured individuals can act justly toward those who have offended, and give evidence of the highest rectitude in their conduct. And it may be a question, after all, which of the two, the court or the individual, would most conform to the principles of equity, especially in these days of legal "hoax poems," when wealth and influence can set a murderer of innocence at large.* I conclude, therefore, from these and other considerations which might be urged, were it not for protracting the article to too great a length, that governmental rights, so called, whether vested in a king or a majority of the people, are not derived from delegated rights of the citizen, and that a government is vested with no moral authority to do what a citizen might not do with equal propriety.

Is it the right of might? To this question it seems we may hear millions of voices answering, No! And yet, for all this, to what else can be attributed the exercise of that tyrannous power which causes the nations to bleed, and seizes upon the hard earnings of toil upon which to riot in luxury and profligacy, while it mocks its shivering victims with the cry of justice, patriotism, and honor? What is it this hour which constitutes Nicholas the dictator "of all the Russias," and in whose hands are held the lives and fortunes of millions of people? What is it else that sustains the tyrants and oppressors of all the earth, but the right of might, or rather the power of might? What is it even in this country that gives to the majority the control and subjection of the minority? We must bear in mind that it is not necessary that this might must be strength of body, as in the early days of the race, for it is no less might when, by cunning and the aid of the shrewd and interested, circumstances can be so arranged as that the masses are shackled and rendered powerless to resist. Whenever a government exercises its dominion from the claim of hereditary descent of royal blood, and that claim is sustained by a misdirected sentiment of the people, or when "priests (kings) bear rule by their means, and the people love to have it so," then is that government exercised and predicated upon might alone. And it makes no difference whether that government be called a monarchy or a republic, since the same law holds good in either case. If this rule be a just one, and it will be found somewhat troublesome to invalidate, we may in its light see clearly the foundation of existing governments, and that, after all, some of our grand Fourth-of-July speeches savor somewhat of "Buncombe." With these few hints simply, as they are, let us go back to our starting-point—to our first principles, and they resolve themselves into this simple proposition, viz.: That there are no moral rights in the earth but what pertain to man alone, and are possessed by him. And moral rights are the foundation of all rights; and further, that a right, in its strict and proper sense, is simply what belongs to a faculty, organ, or other natural endowment, and these rights are inalienable, in the strictest sense of the word. Men everywhere being constituted alike in regard to the wants of their nature, have necessarily the same demands upon the resources of the moral, intellectual, and material worlds, qualified only by the degree of their development. Thus a large man, with largely-developed lungs, will require more air to breathe than one of smaller chest, and it is his right to have it. The man of active mind and clear perception and reason will demand more scope to his thought, and it is his right to have it. He whose moral sense of duty to God leads him to the conviction that God made all days alike holy, and that he is under no obligation to his conscience to suspend his legitimate calling upon one day of the week, has his rights invaded when the law compels him to suspend his pursuits. These illustrations will set forth the writer's idea of what constitutes human rights, freed from all mysticism and metaphysical foginess.

Now these faculties and demands of our nature being common to all men, rights are consequently everywhere the same, and to in any way interfere with the full and free exercise of these faculties, in the largest sense, is to become an aggressor and a tyrant, and as such to be resisted and controlled. But what, it may be asked, is to be done with those who transgress the law of right, and despoil their neighbor of his property? The answer is simply, restrain them; and for this purpose all just government should be instituted. Besides, by the principles here laid down, we have an infallible rule by which to determine what is right with respect to our neighbor, by simply inquiring, what does nature demand? To be secure in life and property is the right of our nature, and no man has a right to in any way molest either, unless he has a right to do wrong, which is an absurdity.

* The Ward Case.

By a reference to the four cardinal propositions set forth in this article, it will be seen that the whole ground is covered by them, and a safe basis furnished on which the rights of individuals and the sphere of government may be predicated. If all men were in that state of moral growth by which they would be led to respect the rights of all, the necessity of government would cease, as the demands for government grow out of our weaknesses and the non-observance of the common rights of humanity. It should therefore be the aim of government to protect the citizen in the exercise of all his natural powers, and he is responsible only for the abuse of his power when he infracts the law of nature by invading the just prerogatives which all men possess in common with himself; whereas, now governments are themselves the invaders and perennators of wrong. For instance: Man is born into the world, and finding himself in need of shelter and food, he looks around for a spot on which to erect his tenement and produce his bread, but he looks in vain. The earth has been usurped by man's cupidity, and government sanctions the usurpation. With equal justice might the atmosphere be bottled up from our use, until we had paid a bonus for the privilege of life by the use of the air. It is a mockery and a burlesque of every principle of just dealing to tell us of the right to life, after we attain it, when all the natural avenues to its sustenance are barred against us, until we bribe the gate keepers to permit us to do what we should be able to do without bribes.

Laying down, then, the broad foundation, that all rights are but other names for what belongs to the several requirements of our nature, let us proceed to other considerations growing out of the subject. 1st, then, What right has a king to govern me, more than I have to govern the king? 2d. What right has the majority to govern the minority, more than has the minority to govern the majority? 3d. What right has all the world to govern one man, more than the one man to govern all the world? Let us briefly consider these questions. In regard to the first of them, we have only to inquire, What are our natural requirements respectively? If the king has a nature different from other men, the needs of which are of such a character as that they can not be supplied but at another's expense, there might be a small semblance of justification for his dominion. But do we come into the world naked and helpless? So does the king. Are we dependent upon the treasury of "mother earth" for the means of sustaining life? So is the king. Do we need the stern experience of an eventful and busy life to make us wise? So does the king. On the other hand, does the king need to be provided with a comfortable and well-appointed dwelling? So do we. Does the king need to be well clothed to protect him from cold and the changing atmosphere? So do we. Does he need earth-room on which to stand, and from which to draw subsistence? So do we. In short, does he need all those manifold supplies, great and small, which bless the earth-life, and invest it with a thousand enjoyments? So do we all. Pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow, sickness and health, hope and fear, life and death, have thus far been the lot of mortality, whether king or peasant. Since, then, he is alike only the sharer of the nobler endowments of our being, and alike the heir of the frailties common to mortals, there is no ground here on which a claim to dominion may rest. Hence his rights and my rights are parallel, dominion belonging to neither, but freedom to both.

These same remarks will apply to the supposed right of the majority. But we are told that we should submit to the will of the majority. So we should when that will is right, and contravenes none of the natural rights of the minority, but not otherwise. Does the majority know more than the minority? Not always. It is not true that five men must know more than four; and if they did, they should not use that knowledge as an agent of tyranny to oppress the less wise. But we are told, also, that it is democratic to submit to the majority. Not so. Those who talk thus have but a poor conception of true Democracy. True Democracy asserts the right and sovereignty of the individual, not his slavery to one under the title of king, or to a hundred thousand under the plea of "majority." Democracy, as at present understood in this country, is a negation, virtually Atheism in governmental philosophy. It is a protest against kingly rule, and as such is well, but in its ultimate is no government at all; just as Protestantism in theology tends to Atheism—for what is Protestantism but a lopping off

of some of the claims and tenets of Catholicism, which, if continued, and still continued, would end by a protestation against every tenet; and what would that be but Atheism? Just so of modern Democracy; did it continue to protest, it would end in no government at all. Neither the one nor the other is based on any principle; they have no fixed axiom on which to fall back when attacked.

If Democracy is what Fourth-of-July orators and stump speakers tell us it is, and I believe it is, the "individual sovereignty," then the claim of the majority to a right to govern the minority melts before this truth like wax in a burning crater. Individual sovereignty is just as incompatible with the tyranny of ten thousand as with the tyranny of one.

From what has been said, the third question may easily be answered. No number of men upon Heaven's footstool can by any possible means whatever be vested with the right to deprive one man of life, food, clothing, air, light, free thought, or moral, by which is meant religious, freedom; and had I the power to enforce my right, and all men everywhere were to admit it, I should feel justified before God and the archangels in defending that right, though it involved the extinction of every life assailing me.

It is the province of a government, and its only province, to protect men in supporting the demands of their natures, so long as they do not infract the common rights of their neighbors. Thus, I have a right to drink of the pure, sparkling stream that comes gushing up from the green earth to slake the thirst of the traveler, but I have no right to poison the fountain, and thus scatter pain and death where health and life should prevail. I have a right to a spot of the earth on which I am born, and out of which is to come my sustenance; but I have no right to fence up five hundred or a thousand square miles to stand in idle waste, while scores and hundreds of strong arms and willing hearts are seeking a spot whereon to toil, and thus bless themselves and others.

But I must bring this article, already too long, to a close. Of course, I could only hint at the more prominent points, leaving the inferences to the reader. Many questions as to consequences will arise in minds on reading this article. For myself, I can see no consequences of a serious character to grow out of the application of the principles laid down, but very many good and glorious ones. It is a question, after all, whether a subject or thing is to be judged by what may appear to be the consequences growing out of it. There is great liability to mistake in this. A certain old lady is said to have expressed her disbelief of the rotundity of the earth, because, if such were the case, she said, "The consequence would be that things would all fall off." If we reason from first principles we shall be much less liable to err than if we judge from remote effects. Principles are eternal, and when once clearly defined, we have a light to our faith in which we may safely tread.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1854.

SPOKEN IN TWO MINUTES.

On Tuesday evening, the 27th ult., we were present at a private circle, assembled at one of the principal hotels in this city. Several media were entranced, including Mrs. French, of Pittsburg. In the course of a very pleasant interview, Bro. R. P. AMBLER was entranced, and with a measured and musical utterance pronounced the accompanying poem. It is pure in sentiment and altogether agreeable in versification.—Ed.

THE SPIRIT-HOME.

In Islands of the far-off Sea,
Which mortals call Eternity,
Abide the pure, and bright, and free,
E'er floating there.
And swiftly fly the golden hours
Beneath the shade of sylvan bowers,
While fragrance from immortal flowers
Fills all the air.

It is the soul's celestial home,
Where gifted Spirits freely roam
Within the wide, majestic dome
Of radiant skies.
All peacefully they float and sing!
Unshadowed by earth's sorrowing,
To catch a holy joy they bring,
That never dies.

Borne on a sea that hath no shore,
On high the shining angels soar,
Where veil of mortal night no more
Shall cast its shade.
There Hope and Love shall find no tomb,
And Joy shall wear no shroud of gloom,
But flowers of beauty ever bloom,
No more to fade.

From far the living radiance flows,
And through the deep of ether glows,
To make a couch of sweet repose,
For angels' rest;
And tides of life, in one bright wave,
Roll o'er the shadows of the grave,
Whose flowing waters yet shall lave
Each human breast.

REMARKABLE CASE OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATION.—The following extraordinary case was related by Mr. HOOTER at a late meeting of the Washington Conference of Spiritualists. Mr. H., from his relations to the Methodist Church, has felt interested to gather quite a number of remarkable cases of spirit manifestations which have happened in the *personal* experience of members of that sect, chiefly clergymen, and has related several of these instances which possess a local interest at the meetings of the above Conference. The Rev. Mr. —, a clergyman well known in Washington, stated that on one occasion, when traveling in this section of country with a friend, they had stopped over night at a private house, where they were given a comfortable room in the second story. After preparing to retire, the reverend gentleman proceeded to offer up his nightly prayer, when his ears were saluted by the sounds of blows, apparently upon different parts of the wall near him. Perceiving no probable cause for these sounds, he concluded they must proceed from the next room, and he accordingly went with the light to see what was the matter. When, however, he had arrived in the next room, nothing was to be seen, and what was more singular, the apparent raps or blows were repeated seemingly from the room which he had just left. He went back and retired to bed, after having in vain searched to ascertain the cause of his disturbance, which surprised his companion as much as it did himself. He had hardly got into bed, however, before he heard the distinct and somewhat emphatic sound of *footsteps* descending the stairs to his door, and in a moment more the latch of his bedroom door was lifted, and sharply and repeatedly shaken! Springing from his bed, he opened the door, but no person was to be seen. The sounds upon the wall were then again heard, and he proposed to go again to the next room and endeavor to ascertain the nature of this singular disturbance. His companion becoming excited by the strange character of the manifestation, declared he would not remain a minute alone, but would go too. They went, and as before, found nothing, but again heard the sounds on the opposite side of the wall. Going back, the door was soon after shaken: Mr. — went to it once more, and on the repetition of the shake or rap he suddenly opened it, but no visible agency could be discovered to account for the occurrence. The gentlemen went to bed, and soon the sound as of some one *heavily* *slapping the wall with both hands*, and then *drawing down the hands on the wall*, occurred close by the bed. Nobody in the body could have produced it without being instantly detected. This dull, heavy sound was repeated, and monotonously continued for a long time, until the operator, whoever it was, finding that no action was likely to be caused by its labors on the part of the two strangers, who lay quiet, finally ceased his efforts, and the gentlemen went to sleep. They made no mention to any one the next morning of their extraordinary experience of the previous night, but resumed their journey. Stopping at a house some miles distant, the Rev. Mr. — was asked by the lady of the mansion, during a casual conversation, where he had slept

the previous night! Upon being informed, she exclaimed, "Why, that house is said to be haunted." It is believed that the ghost of a *crazy man*, who was *chained and died there*, continues to haunt the house, for visitors who have stayed there over night declare they have heard the sounds which he is said to have made when alive—a kind of tramping, pacing noise, and a sound like the *slapping of his hands against the wall* at the end of his length of chain."

This is a remarkable case, as nothing had been said by the Rev. Mr. — about his adventure.

VOICES FROM SPIRIT-LAND.

In the last number of the TELEGRAPH we briefly alluded to the issue of a volume of poems under the above title, from the press of Partridge and Brittan. Our readers, we believe, will be interested in knowing more of this volume. We shall let it speak chiefly for itself. As heretofore stated, the "Voices" purport to have been written and spoken through the mediumship of a young man named Nathan Francis White, resident at Troy, New York, and an engraver by profession. We have been long acquainted with Mr. White and many of the remarkable manifestations made through him, and can fully vouch for all that we shall quote from the "Introduction" to the volume, by C. D. Stuart, in regard to Mr. W.'s character and claims. The title-page of the volume bears the following sentiment from the great German poet, Schiller:

"In earth and heaven, sea and air,
God's Spirit moveth—everywhere!
And speaketh, whoso'er a voice
Uplifts to sorrow or rejoice."

The volume is inscribed to "The Friends of Truth and Spiritual Freedom." Mr. Stuart's "Introduction" opens with a discussion of the parallelism between modern "Manifestations" and ancient "Revelations." He believes in the fact as well as philosophy of Spirit-intellect, and that it has never been denied to mankind. He finds evidence of this in the records of all ages. After summing a portion of this evidence, as embraced in all "revelations," and on the unalterable pages of nature, Mr. S. says:

"There are some evidences, we conceive, which should especially convince us that we are perpetually surrounded and influenced by superior powers and intelligences—in short, by the Spirit of God, of angels, and of those who, before us, have, like ourselves, walked the earth. Evidence like these were not wanting in other days; why should they be now? Let us reason this matter kindly and fairly together, for it has to do, if we are indeed germinating toward immortality, with the highest and holiest concerns of our being. Of old, men were endowed, as is recorded, with supernatural gifts of speech, with diverse tongues, with the power of healing, and to work wonders among men. That was Spiritualism in times not so remote as to be lost in myth and tradition—times historical and veritable, the spiritual records of which are accredited and venerated by the Christian world. Has the Spiritualism of our day done or claimed more? Is it, if its manifestations correspond with the older revelations, less credible, less entitled to belief and respect? Does the mere lapse of time change principles that are, in the nature of things, fixed and eternal? We can not think so, lest we should confound both our reason and our faith. This very volume, to which we are attempting a feeble and perhaps unbelittling introduction, is to our mind, cognizant as we are of the facts concerning it, a special proof, though but one of multitudes of similar constantly developing evidences, that man, age, very imperfect man, is made—as he ever has been, at periods—a particular instrument for the revelation of God's purposes and spirit, and the possible fraternal intercourse of all God's Spirit-children."

"Here is a volume of more than two hundred pages, spoken and written in obedience to superior influences by one who, in a normal condition, possesses no such power of utterance. This volume of Voices FROM SPIRIT-LAND is, to our belief, no more the conscious product of the Medium through whom its utterance is claimed to have occurred, than it is the work of some Paganism yet unborn. Why do we believe this? Simply because this Medium is known, and has been from his infancy, by as many and as rational and reputable witnesses, perhaps, as ever confirmed equally interesting facts; witnesses whose testimony, with all the formality of the oath, could be given, if it were deemed necessary, in proof that, except as an involuntary medium, he never has displayed the slightest tendency or capacity for such utterances. It is to him as verily an unknown tongue as was ever given to prophet or apostle. He can not evoke it, nor exercise it to silence when, by some superior power, it is evoked. It takes possession of his hand and tongue, speaking whether he will or no; and to himself, when free from its spell, it is more than to all who behold it a wonder and a mystery. And yet no mystery, when the philosophy of Spirit-intellect is embraced and understood. When the poet Gray, immortal through his 'Elegy,' if he were not else, was reproached in that he wrote so little, he replied, in a letter to a friend: 'I by no means pretend to inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result, I suppose, of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not lost this long time. You that are witnesses how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give me credit to what I say.' If so naturally bountifully gifted a soul as Gray's could confess so much, how much more earnestly may the Medium of this volume claim special inspiration for its utterance! He, without one natural gift tending to poetry, and with but small conception and a meager entrance, in his normal state, of the ideas and sentiments, the scope and spirit of what has been uttered through him, may well claim that inspiration 'does not depend on one's self.' He may say with Pope, though with a hundred-fold force:

"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I leaped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Alluding to the "Epic of the Starry Heaven," uttered through Rev. Thomas L. Harris, Mr. S. says, those who were familiar with Mr. H.'s natural powers as a poet, were astonished at this sublimer utterance (The Epic), and adds:

"Our wonder, even at the loftiest utterance from such a soul, could not be less than if we heard a dumb, unguided tongue suddenly break forth in inspiring strains, or saw a blank page suddenly bloom with truth and beauty under the involuntary medium of an untaught hand. Such a tongue and hand, save when influenced by some superior invisible power, has the Medium of these VOICES FROM SPIRIT-LAND—Nathan F. White. A gentle-hearted, simple-minded young man; diffident and unpretending in whatever sphere; with only the limited common-school education of a humble New England farmer's son; a daily hand-toiler since his early youth; without imagination or idealism beyond the measure of Pollock's happy man."

"Who thought the moon no bigger than his father's shield," is it not indeed surprising that such a one, if the spiritual philosophy be rejected, should break forth in a voice, new and startling to himself, and with fiery tongue scourge evil and picture characters to his observation, reading, and experience known? All this Mr. White has done—done in the presence of multitudes of unimpeachable witnesses. In the presence of opponents and scoffers of Spiritualism, who, nevertheless, have not had the hardihood to deny the integrity of the Medium, or dispute facts occurring under their own eyes. What renders the utterances of Mr. White still more remarkable, is the fact that his ideas and teachings were mainly opposed, in so far as Spiritualism is concerned, to his education, prejudices, and belief, and to those of his fathers before him.

"Mr. White was born in the town of Derby (now Seymour), Connecticut, November 16, 1827. Until within three years past his life has been quietly passed in that State, in the town of his birth, save a period passed, while learning the engraving art, at New Haven. All who know him know him to be a normal man, in the normal state of his nature, know equally well that the utterance of poetry has been, and is, as foreign to his natural tendencies and capacities, as the prospect of his becoming the Grand Lama of Tibet. They know, also, that he has been, and is, incapable of disguise or deception. They may believe him under the influence of evil Spirits, if they please, but they must believe him under the influence of some spirit superior to his own. For several years prior to his spiritual impressment he was a devoted member of an "orthodox" Christian sect. And notwithstanding his normal sense and faith have been enlarged by his Spirit-intellect, until he must needs reject the dogmas and errors of that sect, his communion has not been withdrawn from him, nor have the purity and piety of his life been questioned. Mr. White's Spirit-intellect began, under remarkable circumstances, some three and a half years ago. Visiting with a friend, a medium, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, the first manifestations he witnessed excited only his mirth and ridicule. Soon after, when in the solitude of his own room, he found himself becoming a medium of the very manifestations—rappings—he had ridiculed. He still persistently regarded them as unmeaning and mischievous. In this condition of mind he remained for a long time, becoming daily more and more developed as a medium. Even when he found himself an involuntary agent for the communication of ideas and truths, he was slow to believe it was not some delusion. About this period he removed to the city of Troy, New York, where he has since resided, pursuing his profession of engraver, and where he has been made the medium of extraordinary incidents and revelations, among which may be numbered the utterance of these VOICES FROM SPIRIT-LAND."

After six months of rapping mediumship, Mr. White was developed as a writing medium, and a year later, as a speaking medium, and is now, by turns, impressed to all these modes of communication. In so far as he has been made aware, he was first impressed by the Spirit of an Indian chief—Powhattan, which Spirit continues at times to impress him, particularly when other Spirits fail. Under the influence of Powhattan, Mr. White has been made to speak in the presence of and with living "Red men" in the Indian tongue, and to manifest all the peculiarities of the Indian in a surprising manner. Under the influence of other Spirits he has been made to speak in various languages, with all the ease and grace of persons native to them; and to write in German, or Hebrew, or Arabic, with a rapidity and perfection of chirography impossible to natural skill.

"The 'Voices,' says Mr. S., were uttered at intervals, through the hand and tongue of the Medium, often but a few lines at a trance, and sometimes to the extent of more than a hundred lines. Also that:

"It is evident from the subject-matter, that more than one Spirit dictated; style, flow, and force of expression indicate this. The higher qualities of the various poems are

their truth, clearness, earnestness, and directness. Here and there is a sting of biting sarcasm worthy of Pope or Byron, or a flash of intellect and fancy that reminds of Shelley. But the prevailing spirit is force rather than brilliancy. The song breathes with a noble humanity and lofty faith. It appeals for Freedom, Justice, and Truth. It scours cant, hypocrisy, and all uncharitableness. It fully accords with the philosophy of Spiritualism."

Following the Introduction is a sublime Invocation, by C. D. Stuart, which we may transfer to these columns at some future time.

The volume extends to 200 pages, and embraces thirty poems. The three leading poems, "American Freedom," "The Outcast," and "The Reunion," extend respectively to sixty-nine, thirty-nine, and twenty-five pages. In the first, the Spirit looks abroad for evidences of pure freedom in America, and only finds a variety of slavery—vassalage to station, wealth, social ease, and worldly honors. The spirit of bondage and servility pervades the temples of justice and the house of God. There is much in this poem of stinging truth and sarcasm. The bigotries and conceits of men are mercilessly exposed. Speaking of the Pilgrims, it is said:

"They cross the sea for liberty of speech,
Then with the lash erase the words they preach."

And of enslavement to wealth:

"Go where you will throughout the land
Where gold has laid its with'ring yellow hand,
Despairing sobs and stifled, hopeless sighs,
Like moaning winds, on every side arise
From souls, whose feet the sea of Freedom laves,
That yield themselves to pride as willing slaves."

Instead of the liberty of the Gospel, the Church teaches:

"The mystery of God? that bugbear word,
From the pretended tips of wisdom heard;
Taught in the schools, from pulpits preached,
Methinks that word—its noon of glory reached
In ages past, when scarce a ray of light
Illumed the earth—should long ere this to-night,
Dark as the dreary shade itself would cast,
From wisdom's catalogue of words have passed."

Arguing for endless progression, it is said:

"With naught to learn, eternally would be
A plain unbroken, an untroubled sea,
On which would float the weary, fainting soul,
And think in gaining rest it gained the whole."

Of how access is had to high places, in the Church or elsewhere, the Spirit thinks that:

"Here the secret of admission lies—
Not in our wealth, for he indeed were wise
Who could discern amid the varied throng
Of costly robes, which did to wealth belong;
He is advanced in wisdom who can say,
In this the noon of initiative day,
Who imitates, and who has right to wear,
Who part, and who their whole possessions bear
Upon their backs; of this they have no test,
And so they bow them to the 'broidered vest';
To polished coats offer each vacant seat,
And turn the easier fabrics to the street.
Virtue and goodness with an entrance here
Have naught to do. Let angels drop a tear
As I the fact humiliating speak—
'Tis purity of cloth, not heart, they seek."

The institution and practices of statute slavery come in for a biting castigation. The picture drawn of the flying fugitive, chased by human and brute hounds, is vivid and startling. The poem concludes thus, touching slavery, of whatever kind:

"Ye who have felt
His biting chain rust deep into your hearts,
Shake off your lethargy! take Freedom's part,
And boldly strike against the tyrant might
Which would deprive you of your manly right.
Leave not one halter, damning link to bind
The Body, or its rightful monarch, Mind!"

"The Outcast" is that great story of real life, wherein is depicted the world's and the church's treatment of such unfortunate as step astray. Instead of being called back kindly, they are taunted and thrust away. No one is found to stand forth like the "Master" and say, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

"The Reunion" hinges upon a "presentiment," and is a highly spiritual poem. The same may be said of a number of the lesser poems, abounding as they do in spirituality. We quote the following strong utterance from "A Vision":

"A horrid crew,
In many a phantasm deep and strong, are ranged
On either side; in the front rank MEXICA
Appears, and with her blood-red hand casts
The tyrant's feet a quivering heart, that from
The mangled breast of one who darest assert
The truth was torn ere it had ceased to beat,
And for the cursed deed claims blood for her
Reward, which only glory gains her
Advance of all that crew, with title of
'First propagator of the faith,' and she,
Flanked by her followers, exulting wheels
Her brutal butcheries to recommence,
Under blasphemous name of 'holy war.'"

And the following, from "A Fragment":

"Break, torrents, from your icy fastings,
And from those cloud-engirdled peaks descend,
With might resistless, to the warmer vale
Sweeping down all that your unchained way
Obstructs, till, where but late proud palaces
Securely stood, the lightning's fatal glare
Shall to the wandering gaze of man disclose
Crag upon crag in wild disorder piled,
Old roaring ocean, shake your shaggy mane,
And lifting high your age-unconquered head,
With flaming jaws upon your rival rush
Until, where now the Andes proudly lift
To heaven their many snow-capped heads, your huge
Leviathans shall gambol with your young."

There is abundant evidence, as Mr. Stuart says, that more than one Spirit had to do with the utterance of these "Voices."

But we lack space for further quotations from a volume, which, we trust, will sufficiently interest our readers to render its circulation general. We can not forbear, however, giving the following gem, which closes the volume:

INFANTILE DEVOTIONS.
Softly evening shadows are stealing,
Where a lovely cherub kneels,
Lips her little prayer:
And a look, almost of heaven,
To her angel-face is given—
Trusting hope is there.
"Heavenly Father, far above me,
Though I see not, I love thee
For thy kindly care;
Tell me if dear Father, mother,
And my little smiling brother,
In thy presence are?
For around me when I dreaming,
Come three faces, happy beaming,
And I know them well:
When they come, sweet songs are ringing,
Are they in thy presence singing?
Heavenly Father, tell."

Our Washington correspondent, in a recent private note, institutes the following inquiry:

"Who wrote the Poe-like tale from Baltimore, signed 'L. E. D.'? I should like to know, for my own satisfaction. It was well done."

We were so much pleased with the article referred to that we departed from our usual custom, and published it without knowing any thing respecting the author. Will the writer have the kindness to communicate the name, and favor us again?

EDITOR.

Mrs. FRENCH is now in this city, and stopping at the Irving House, where she may be consulted by those who require her services. It is well known that Mrs. F. has been the instrument employed in affecting some of the most remarkable cures that have been ascribed to the agency of Spirits.

CONFERENCE APPOINTMENT CHANGED.—The regular weekly Conference at this office, which has heretofore been held on Thursday evenings, will hereafter be held on Tuesday evenings.

Original Communications.

PROGRESSION.

THROUGH H. HANSON, MEDIUM.

I love the word progression;
A word beyond all praise,
A word we used to wonder at
In other, darker days:
A word which honest men revere,
But hypocrites deary;
A word which tears delusion's mask
From many a self-bound eye.

I love the word progression;
'Tis error's only cure,
The remedy which frees you from
The woes which men endure;
The beacon-light which guides you from
The path by bigots trod,
And points you with unerring skill
To happiness and God.

I love the word progression,
Your little ones can say,
While age can catch a higher strain,
And chant it merrily:
Love brightly revels in your soul
To Joy's enchanting tune,
And, better still, your spirits now
With angel-bands commune.

I love the word progression;
The joyous theme prolong,
Till earth's remotest boundaries
Shall echo back the song;
And when you cease to chant it here,
In yonder courts above
You'll spend an endless jubilee
Of Liberty and Love.

Troy, 1854.

TRYING THE SPIRITS.

In our paper of June 10th we published a communication from Mr. Davis, the Seer, which was characterized by great plainness of speech, softened by a most amiable and candid spirit. However, the collision of Mr. D. and the machine at High Rock appeared to damage the claims of the latter, and to diminish the confidence of many who had been led to anticipate the triumph of the experiment. Personally we have sustained no loss in this respect. We always had unbounded confidence in the sincerity of our friends who are interested in the New Motor; that confidence is in no degree diminished. But we never had much faith in the Motor itself, and, of course, had not much to lose. Nevertheless, others who have confidence, together with the time, money, and the disposition necessary to test the supposed feasibility of the enterprise, should feel at liberty to pursue the subject until they are satisfied that the machine is either a success or a failure, and no one should be reproached for so doing. It is well to reason together, earnestly, but coolly, and as far as possible to avoid the extremes of skepticism and credulity.

It will be inferred on reading the subjoined letter from Dr. Robinson, that there is one at least among the prominent friends at the East who is in no immediate danger of running off the track by a drowsy acquiescence. His faith, we feel assured, is not so excessive as to prevent his walking "by sight," wherever eyes can be serviceable. Our friend writes in an earnest and forcible manner, and his admonitions merit the reader's attention. Like Mr. Davis, he applies the brake to the wheels of the New Motive Power with a somewhat vigorous hand.

Boston, June 4, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:

It is probably true that every individual owes some duty to his fellow-beings, and impelled by a sense of such obligation I solicit the use of your columns through which to express my honest convictions upon a subject of much interest. It is generally known that I believe in the possibility and practicability of intelligible communications with those who have been the subjects of physical death. The simple declaration of such a belief is equivalent, in the estimation of two thirds of community, to an admission of a greater portion of those absurdities and fallacies, of daily occurrence, under the broad and indefinite name of "Spiritualism," a concession which I am by no means willing to make.

I have long had it in contemplation to address you, Mr. Editor, in relation to this matter, and I will endeavor to utter my convictions freely, without fear or prejudice, even should my views differ from those entertained by yourself and many other persons. To disagree with a man in sentiment is not to dislike him personally or find cause of personal quarrel. Let this, if you please, be understood at the outset especially by my friends; for it is my intention, as I have stated, to express myself plainly, and thus (in my opinion) discharge a duty which, as one of God's great family, I owe to those around me. I have been investigating (so far as my mental capabilities permit) the current spiritual phenomena for several years, and have seen in different parts of the country the various curious exhibitions of power and intelligence which have astonished so many good people, and so seriously alarmed the clergy generally.

The mere fact of yielding one's assent to the proposition that spiritual existences can communicate with man intelligibly, does not in any way afford a clue to his religious belief. A person's religious doctrines are by no means apparent because he has avowed a belief in the power of Spirits to make themselves felt and understood; because nearly every people upon the globe have given full credence to such an idea, and differed as widely as it is possible for the mind to conceive of. As I view the subject, it does not necessarily follow that an individual is any better or any worse for becoming a convert to the proposition that Spirits can communicate. That sequence no more grows out of the proposition, than the deduction that we shall have a telegraphic line to the moon, because Mitchell, the "Irish patriot," has made a fool of himself. Certainly, the logic on which this postulate is based is not easily discovered.

Spiritualism, to the properly disciplined mind, is no more a moral question than Ericsson's application of caloric as a motive power. It addresses itself to man's reasoning faculties precisely as all other things; is to be made wholly subservient to his judgment, and is not to swallow him up, as the "great fish" is said to have swallowed Jonah. Instead of allowing ourselves, Mr. Editor, to be absorbed, like water by a sponge, we are to reverse the process, and become ourselves the receptive body, admitting our spiritual aliment with the greatest caution. Beggings that you will pardon the common-place figure, I have seen Spiritualists (so-called) who strongly remind me of a certain fish which busies itself unremittingly in sucking in, indiscriminately, all the mud it can find, under the general impression that it is getting very good nourishment. I wish it could be universally known, my friend, that a person can be a believer in spiritual intercourse without confounding himself with those crazy fanatics whose unwise zeal brings more discredit and opposition upon the subject than all the assaults of the skeptical portion of community combined. To communicate with Spirits is not the *ne plus ultra* of human bliss! I would that I could write this sentiment in such characters that it might be distinctly seen and read by every earnest

seeker for the highest good. How much acute disappointment, how much bitter mortification the realization of this important truth would avert!

Mistaken mortals are prone to imagine that Spirits or angels, Jesus or God, will do for them what they of necessity must do for themselves, forgetful or ignorant of the fact that they are the artificers of their own fortunes, and must work or starve—intellectually or morally. It is no great blessing to be a medium, judging by the average quality of the article; but it is a glorious thing to live in harmony with the laws of Nature (to leave bigotry, and fanaticism, the father and mother of evil), and follow her whithersoever she goes. This constant looking to the other sphere for the heaven of enjoyment which is within us, and for those good things which are at our doors, has dwarfed many a mind, and the world to-day is bearing the heavy burden of that fatal error.

Two persons were desirous of moving a large stone. One of them, being of the old-school theology, said to the other, "I will pray while you lift." He did so, and the stone did not move. "Now," said the person who had put forth his strength, "let us both lift together." The result was, that the momentum of the ponderous body was overcome. "That is my religion," added the man who had made the last proposal; "always depend on yourself, and God will accomplish, through your strength and energy, what you are anxious should be done."

I am, my friend, heartily tired of the words, "be passive." The human mind was not made to be passive; its very growth and happiness depend on its activity. A. J. Davis, who furnishes almost the only specimen I know of rational mediumship, so far as I can judge, has a very active mind. He is not a mere water-pipe, good for nothing when the water has ceased flowing; but in his normal state is a rational and companionable person, willing to be assisted, but not governed. I dislike slavery of all kinds, mental or physical, especially the former, for that sinks the manhood. I would be a slave to no man, whether in or out of the body. Weak indeed is the mental organization of that individual who suffers himself to be governed implicitly by his neighbor—who performs any drudgery or foolish act because he is bidden; and how much wiser is the man who abandons himself blindly to the guidance of beings whose truthfulness and wisdom he has no means of knowing? Not a whit! Observation and experience have convinced me that there is no absolute safety outside of one's own common sense. Common sense is a very good angel, but she has been banished from many spiritual circles as well as other circles. Would to Heaven she would arise in her potent might and grapple with the imbecile monster fanaticism, and bind him a thousand years.

There is a pseudo-Spiritualism, much overgrown by over feeding, who has got on his "seven-league" fanatical boots, and goes fast for one who carries weight—of absurdity. But his course is erratic, first this way, and then that—no fixed object in view—feeds on excitement, and thirsts for wonders. I believe that seventy-five per cent. of the prevailing Spiritualism is spurious or useless, or both. Many well-meaning persons are expecting mighty revolutions, sudden changes in governments, and a speedy overthrow of the present order of things. We have "governmentizers, electricizers, educationizers," and all kinds of *izers* you can mention, which do not affect the great questions of the age in the smallest possible degree. They are simple follies, which will die out, leaving only regretful remembrances behind, coupled with some wonder that such things should have been. The sooner these eccentric and puerile fancies are dispelled, the better for the growth of a healthy Spiritualism. I make this assertion because I think truth demands it, and not from a captious spirit. He who aspires to be a genuine reformer is sometimes obliged to speak plainly, with one great object in view—the best interest of that cause which he considers sacred. A thousand times better are a few words of sense from the mundane sphere, than pages of folly from an origin professedly spiritual. It is what is communicated, and not who communicates, that gives value to that which is received. The world never will be revolutionized by Spirits out of the body—that task is reserved for those in the flesh. It is useless for "Spirits" to tell what they are going to do on the earth—they may aid, but the work of all reformations falls on us. The way of progress is a pathway of labor, and must be traveled slowly, very slowly, if one would not get severe falls and bruises. There is no such thing as making a great distance by excitement; it is only the calm, steady step that makes the mile-stones of the road go by with an equal pace. We have no wings to fly over the rough places of life—we must be foot-sores and weary, even like those who have gone before us. The most exalted condition of humanity on the earth will have its moments of pain. A healthy body and a healthy soul constitute man's highest rudimental state. Perfect manhood is Nature's own religion.

A person obsessed by fanatical Spirits is little better than a crazy man, and should be advised to make a strong effort to regain his liberty. Who would not rather be himself than somebody else? Common magnetic phenomena are often mistaken for spiritual exhibitions, and I suspect that the inhabitants of the next sphere are unjustly held responsible for much insane driveling, as incomprehensible to them as to us.

You have heard of the "New Motor," so styled by its friends. Having some knowledge of this wonderful "infant," I am constrained to say that it lives, moves, and has a being only in the imagination. There is no such thing as an electrical motor in existence. A motor is a moving power; but no man whose sympathies are not largely enlisted, and whose judgment is not to some extent warped, can claim for that curious combination of metals any such characteristic. The part of the machine intended for the application of power has not performed a single revolution; the mere "throbbing" of a few balls suspended by wires is no marvel at all, especially where there are electrical currents; but it is a marvel that such incidental, nay, inevitable oscillations should be hailed as a motive power—"the physical savior of the race, bearing a beautiful and significant analogy to the advent of Jesus!"

This is much to say of an agglomeration of zinc, steel, and copper, possessing no practical value. It is said to correspond to the human body—has a brain, heart, lungs, etc., but such analogies are solely factitious and amount to nothing, because there can be no just comparison between inert matter and the living, human organism; and the latter is so very imperfectly understood, that the laws which govern it can not be applied to substances and forms altogether different; if so, very good automotons might be constructed at High Rock from zinc and other metals.

I regret that this "new motive power" (which can not turn a coffee-mill) should have been compared to one whose whole life was severely practical. It is vain to talk of conception, gestation, the birth of motion, lactation, etc.; they are at best sublime follies, unworthy serious consideration.

It may be said, perhaps, that I know but little of the history of this "new Messiah." I am conversant with enough of its history to regret its premature announcement as a "motor."

I have entire good will toward those engaged in the construction of the "machine," but no considerations of a personal nature shall deter me from expressing my sentiments when I consider such utterance a duty to myself and the public. If Spirits have had any thing to do with it, they are obviously fanatical, experimenting ones, devoid of that wisdom which ought to characterize the minds they profess to represent; and without that elevation of thought that lends dignity to the wise and good of every sphere and every relation of life. So far as "science" is concerned, the results do not bear evidence to any marked display of that acquirement.

I do not consider the "motor" as being invested with half the sacredness that attaches to the plow that breaks the soil, and makes it ready to receive the grains that shall bring forth suitable nourishment for man; or the noisy water-wheel, that turns the stone that crushes the wheat to flour.

Let the machine stand at High Rock as a lasting evidence of human credulity; and let no one hereafter surrender his judgment to the dictation of beings, visible or invisible, without seeing perfectly, step by step, the practical application of a reasonable, comprehensible principle. Jesus of Nazareth has not yet made his second advent, in zinc and copper, at Lynn, nor do I ever expect to recognize him in such "questionable form."

I believe in the presence and assistance of invisible guardians; but there is a limit to my belief; I can not accredit every thing that comes in the garb of "Spiritualism." That coming to me from a sound mind in the body is more valuable than that of an inferior quality originating in a mind out of it. I owe allegiance principally to this world, and not to the other. Willing, yes, anxious am I at all times to receive friendly admonitions and ennobling thoughts from watchful, invisible ministers; but I have learned not to look to them for authority, fully persuaded that the elevated and benevolent of that great realm would refuse to take advantage of my folly, were I weak enough to expect such a state of things; while those of a lower grade might be less wise or less scrupulous.

Persons calling themselves Spiritualists are too much inclined to take things for granted, without going to the trouble to examine their reasonableness; and to put mystical meanings to ambiguous sentences which have no particular significance. The days of mystery have passed (it seems to me), and what we now want is plain English, in order that we may not fall into additional errors by our own efforts at interpretation.

Again: we have infallible mediums, and "circles that never get any thing but the truth," if we may credit the assertions of some of our zealous friends. So far as I am concerned, I have yet to see such a medium and such a circle. We have also "chosen vessels," and particularly consecrated instruments to work wonders upon the earth. In my view every individual is a "chosen vessel," and consecrated by the God of Nature to the highest of uses. As for those who are expecting to become popular leaders and puissant reformers, morally because a promise to that effect has been given them, there is good reason to suppose that if the affirmative prove true, it will be through their own moral force and energy. Prophets, priests, public speakers, and wonder-workers have been made by scores during the last year or two among credulous men and excited women; but I would kindly advise them to moderate their expectations, and rest content in the demonstration of the great truth of the soul's immortality, and they will not suffer the pain of disappointed hope. When promises are abundant they should always be doubted, or received with extreme cautiousness. Rely upon it, those who mean much say but little in relation to their purposes; while those who can do no more, love to tickle the ear with fallacious expectations.

We are going on quite fast enough, Mr. Editor, and I doubt whether we do not need holding back somewhat. There are many things I would say, but the sheets fast accumulating beside me admonish me to close.

Wishing you all those blessings which you would fain bestow upon others, I remain

Yours for the truth, J. H. ROBINSON.

REV. R. P. ABLE left this city on Sunday evening last, by the Erie Railroad, for his home in St. Louis. Bro. A. has been absent some six weeks, and has lectured in several of the principal Atlantic cities, much to the satisfaction and instruction of large and intelligent audiences.

REV. D. J. Mandell, who has long been actuated by humanitarian desires, and engaged in self-sacrificing efforts to promote the good of mankind, lectured before the Spiritualists at Doddworth's Academy on Sunday last. We learn that Bro. Mandell is interesting himself in behalf of the Indian tribes in the new territories. Should his future success at all comport with his present desires, he will merit a monument, and will probably have one.

GONE TO THE SPIRIT-LAND.

On the 27th ult., MARY ANN ELIZABETH, wife of William E. Valentine, departed this life, aged twenty years, eight months, and two days. The funeral obsequies, which were conducted agreeably to the rites of the Episcopal Church, were observed on the 29th, and the remains were deposited in Greenwood Cemetery.

Mrs. Valentine's disease was consumption. Within five years no less than five members of the same family, stricken by this insidious malady, have faded and fallen as sweet flowers touched by the untimely frost-pest in the early spring. Of the whole number, not one reached the age of twenty-one years. Two children—another fair daughter and a son—yet remain to foster the earthly hopes of the afflicted parents. May Heaven smile on them, and spare them if it be compatible with the Father's will, lest the hearts of the bereaved ones be crushed with overmuch sorrow.

The subject of this notice afforded a beautiful example of gentleness, patience, and resignation. She had been married but about one year. Life and the world were still invested with all their charms; and yet with all youth's high dreams unrealized, she saw the flowers of twenty summers fade and perish on her own fair cheek. An invisible minister offered all their freshness and beauty—a pure and fragrant offering—to the angels, and then scattered the ashes on the brow of the pale sufferer. She saw it all, and was conscious to the last. But she murmured not; and at evening—at the calm hour when the busy world retires to rest—she fell asleep. She slept to wake no more amid the scenes of mortal strife!

It is worthy of remark that, during the somewhat protracted illness of Mrs. Valentine, her husband continued to watch over her with unsleeping vigilance, anticipating all her wants with a fidelity and tenderness of affection which were as truly honorable to her purity and love were grateful to the patient. May the memory of her purity and love dwell with him like a divine benediction, and the consciousness of her continued spiritual presence temper his feelings, regulate his thoughts, and direct the whole course of his future life into ways of righteousness and paths of peace.

EDITOR.

Farmer's Department.

WORK TO BE DONE IN JULY.

BY PROF. J. J. MAPES.

THE FARM.—Continue making manures, as stated last month. Drain low grounds, and place the muck dug out in a position to be benefited by the action of the summer sun and the approaching winter's frosts. If you have any salt and lime mixture on hand, spread it thinly over the ditch bank as you throw out the drains, and by next spring it will be in order to be used in the compost heaps. Early crops taken off may be replaced by ruta baga turnips, if not north of New York, in the early part of this month; if farther north, the white globe turnip will succeed with later planting than the ruta baga; and ground cleared in the latter part of the month may be sowed with strap-leaved red-top turnips with profit.

Root crops planted last month should be kept clear of weeds; those who have grain crops standing so late as the early part of the month, are referred to the direction for last month. As soon as potatoes are dug, use three bushels of fine salt broadcast to the acre, in addition to the other manures as your land may require, and plant turnips. Gather fallen fruit from the orchards, and carry it to the hog-pens, that the insect it contains may not be perpetuated. In the early part of the month destroy the second brood of caterpillars. Clean out haulms of peas and beans, and throw it to the hogs. On dry days, cut herbs in flower, and secure for winter use. Keep your dunghoops free from weeds, or you will be spreading their seeds on the land. Inoculate such fruits as may be so treated this month. (See Downing, on Fruit Trees.)

Plant out stones or pits of fruits late in the month; if left until spring, but few of them will vegetate, as compared with those now planted.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—(Look to the directions for the farm, above.)—If not already done, transplant cabbages, cauliflower, broccoli; replant failing crops of beets, carrots, etc. Prepare trenches for celery before hand, that they may receive the rains previous to planting. Plant cardoons, celery, endive, leeks, pepper plants, etc. Leeks and cabbage may be transplanted, even in dry weather, if the roots be dipped into a mixture of mud and water, but in such case the ground must be perfectly turned over; but many marrow an hour before planting, and in such case, unless the ground be very moist, the plants may fail. Where ground has not been sufficiently silted to destroy grubs, the roots may be dipped in fish oil, and then in plaster of Paris, which will not only protect them against the attacks of worms, but will also act as manure.

Grubs annoy plants less after the middle of July than before, but in most exposures this date is rather late for putting out the later kinds of cabbages.

Plant cucumber seeds for pickles, sow endive seeds and transplant former sowings. Peas may still be planted, if soaked in water for a few hours before planting. Caulo rapas and ruta baga may still be sown, and after July 25th, the other sorts of turnips may be sown. We continue to sow the strap-leaved red-top turnip as late as the ground is open, and as it becomes vacant; for even if sown in the latter part of the summer or even autumn, if the winter be very mild, they may perfect, and be drawn out on mild days during winter, for when turnips thaw in the ground they are seldom injured by having been frozen, and if the winter should prove severe, the turnips, being plowed in during the spring plowing, will improve the soil; they take so large a proportion of their constituents from the atmosphere that they act as an improving manure. Pot herbs should be cut this month. Winter and summer savory, Burnet, chervil, mint, parsley, fennel, sweet marjoram, tarragon, thyme, etc., will be ready for gathering.

In the latter part of the month (July 20th to August 1st) keep beets well hoed and weeded. Disturb vacant ground thoroughly before carting out manures for late turnip and other crops, plow in manures as soon as applied, and the ground may then be considered as ready for turnips, spinach, shallots, etc. Pickles may still be planted with some hope of success. Sow lettuce for autumn use. Peas may still be planted; plant beans for pickles. Earth up celery, sow fetitious; the earlier kinds of cucumbers may still be planted as picklers; sow onion seed to stand the winter. Early sown onions should now be taken care of as ripened. This is the proper time for sowing the principal turnip crop. Gather seeds as they ripen, and prepare uncoupled ground for late crops.

In the early part of the month look to summer pruning of grape vines.

FRUIT GARDEN AND ORCHARD.—This month is the best time to prune fruit trees, as the woods then heal over readily, and do not canker. (See Downing, on Fruit Trees.) When spring grafts have failed, a bud may succeed at this time.

If the weather be dry, advantage should be taken of this fact to coat the surface of the trunks of trees with the wash recommended in vol. i., p. 9, as the hot sun will cause the mixture to dry upon the bark, and thus do away with the larvae of insects deposited in the bark. The moisture afforded by the dew will be sufficient to enable the more soluble portions to gradually enter the interstices, and thus decompose the inert or dead parts of the coating of trees, while the after growth will cause such parts to be exfoliated and thrown off. We have tried this mode of treatment fully, and we are convinced that the general health and fruitfulness of the tree is much improved by its use.

Budding must be performed this month, and Downing tells us that "the proper season for budding is from the 1st of July to the middle of September, the different trees coming into season as follows: Plums, cherries, apricots on plums, apricots, pears, apples, quinces, nectarines, and peaches. Trees of considerable size will require budding earlier than the young seedling stocks, but the operation is always, and only, performed when the bark of the stock or parts separates freely from the wood, and when the buds of the current year's growth are somewhat plump, and young wood is growing firm. Young stocks in the nursery, if thrifty, are usually planted out in the rows in the spring, and budded the same summer or autumn." Moderate doses of fine salt should be sprinkled around those fruit trees which are attacked by the curculio.

FLOWER GARDEN.—This is the proper time for clipping evergreen hedges, before they commence their second growth; damp days are preferable, as they are not so liable to become brown or bruised by shearing as in dry, hot weather. Buist objects strongly to trimming the tops and sides of hedges to exact right angles, but recommends that nature should be more closely imitated, and that the trimming should gradually taper toward the top. We presume that Mr. Buist, with his fine taste, dislikes straight, hard, and unnatural lines. Iogarth, although not a gardener, deserves our thanks for his advice that the letter S is the line of beauty, or in other words, it is the greatest departure from a straight line. In field culture convenience requires that lines should be parallel and plots square, but in an ornamental flower garden nothing can be more tasteless than the usual parallelograms and their twin-brothers, truncated squares. Why not lay out your beds in the beautiful forms suggested by nature? Take the forms of many of the leaves as patterns; and our word for it, the most graceful will be better than the eternal parallels, as meaningless as ungraceful.

We copy the following from Buist's Flower Garden Directory: "Carnations and Pinks.—In order to make the former flower well, if the weather is dry, give them frequent waterings at the root, and tie them up neatly to the rods. The criterion of a fine carnation is: The stem strong and straight, from thirty to forty inches high, the corolla three inches in diameter, consisting of large, round, well-formed petals, but not so many as to crowd it, nor so few as to make it appear thin or empty; the outside petals should rise above the calyx about half an inch, and then turn out in a horizontal direction, to support the interior petals, they forming nearly a hemispherical corolla. The interior petals should decline in size toward the center, regularly disposed on every side; they should have a small degree of concavity at the lamina or broad end, the edges perfectly entire. The calyx above one inch in length, with strong, broad points in a close and circular body. The colors must be perfectly distinct, disposed in regular long stripes, broadest at the edge of the lamina, and gradually becoming narrower as they approach the unguis or base of the petal, there terminating in a fine point. Those that contain two colors upon a white ground are esteemed the finest."

The Criterion of a Double Pink.—"The stem about twelve inches, the calyx smaller, but similar to a carnation; the flower two inches and a half in diameter; petal rose edges: color white and pure purple, or rich crimson; the nearer it approaches to black the more it is esteemed; proportions equal, as in carnation. Those that are very tasteful in these flowers are attentive to the manner of their opening. When the calyx is deficient in regular expansion to display the petals—that is, where

there is a tendency to burst open on one side more than the other—the opposite side in two or three different indentations should be slit a little at several times with the point of a small sharp knife, taking care not to cut the petals; and about the center of the calyx tie a thread three or four times around to prevent any further irregularity. Some florists and connoisseurs place cards on them. This is done when the calyx is small. Take a piece of thin pasteboard about the size of a dollar, cut a small aperture in its center to admit the bud to pass through. When on, tie it tight to the rod, to prevent the wind from blowing it about, and when the flower is expanded, draw up the card to about the middle of the calyx and spread the petals one over the other regularly upon it. When these plants are in flower, their beauty may be prolonged by giving them a little shade from the mid-day sun, by an awning of a very simple description. When they are in pots, they can be removed to a cool, shady situation, but not directly under trees.

Of Laying Carnation and Pinks.—"This is a necessary and yearly operation to keep a supply of plants, and likewise to have them always in perfection. As the process of laying, though simple, may not be known to all who are desirous of cultivating these plants, we will give an outline of the mode of operation. Provide first a quantity of small hooked twigs (pieces of asparagus stems are very suitable) about three inches long, for pegging the layers down in the earth. Select the outward, strongest, and lowest shoots that are around the plant; trim off a few of the under leaves, and shorten the top ones even with a knife, and then applying it at a joint about the middle of the under side of the shoot, cut about half through in a slanting direction, making an upward slit toward the next joint, near an inch in extent; and loosening the earth, make a small oblong cavity, one or two inches deep, putting a little fresh, light earth therein. Lay the stem part where the slit is made into the earth; keeping the cut part open, and the head of the layer upright one or two inches out of the earth; and in that position peg down the layer with one of the hooked twigs, and cover the inserted part to the depth of one inch with some of the fresh earth, pressing it gently down. In this manner proceed to lay all the proper shoots of each plant. Keep the earth a little fall around the plant, to retain longer the water that may be applied. Give immediately a moderate watering, with a rose watering-pot, and in dry weather, give light watering every evening. Choose a cloudy day for the above operation. In about two months they will be well rooted."

Of Budding or Inoculation of Roses.—According to what we have previously hinted in regard to having roses with standards, where such are desired, the month of July or August is a proper time for the operation of budding. The kinds to be taken for roses should be of a stem of fine growth, such as *Maiden's Blush*, *Dutch Tree*, *R. Villosa*, *R. Carmine*, and frequently the *French Eglantine* are taken. Be provided with a proper budding knife, which has a sharp thin blade, adapted to prepare the bud, with a tapering ivory haft, made thin at the end, for raising the bark of the stalk. For tying use bass strings from Russia mats, which should be soaked in water to make them more pliable. The height of the stalk or stem at which the bud is to be inserted, is to be determined by the intended destination of the tree (as it may be properly called). Choose a smooth part of the stem, from one to three years old. Having marked the place, prune away all the lateral shoots about and underneath it. With the knife directed horizontally, make an incision about half an inch long in the bark of the stock, cutting to the wood, but not deeper; then applying the point of the knife to the middle of this line, make a perpendicular incision under the first, extending from it between one and two inches. Having a healthy shoot of the growth of this year, provided of the kind that is desired, begin at the lower end of this shoot, cut away all the leaves, leaving the foot-stalk of each. Being fixed on a promising bud, insert the knife about half an inch above the eye, slanting it downward, and about half through the shoot. Draw it out about an inch below the eye, so as to bring away the bud unimpaired with the bark, and part of the wood adhering to it; the wood now must be carefully detached from the bark. To do this, insert the point of the knife tenderly, strip off the woody part, which will readily part from the bark, if the shoot from which the piece is taken has been properly imbedded with sap. We once budded three eyes of the white moss rose, after they had, by mistake, been carried in the pocket of a coat three days. The shoot was soaked six hours in water, and two of the buds grew. From this we infer that the shoots, if properly wrapped up, may be carried very great distances, and grow successfully. Look at the inner rind of the separate bark, to see if that be entire. If there be a hole in it, the eye of the bud has been pulled away with the wood, rendering the bud useless, which throw away; if there be no hole, return to the stock, and with the haft of the knife gently raise the bark on each side of the perpendicular incision, opening the lips wide enough to admit the prepared slip with the eye. If the slip is longer than the upright incision in the stock, reduce the largest end. Stock and bud being ready, keep the latter in its natural position; introduce it between the bark and wood of the stock, pushing it gently downward until it reaches the bottom of the perpendicular incision. Let the eye of the bud project through the center of the lips; lay the slip with the bud as smooth as possible, and press down the raised bark of the stock. The bud being deposited, bind that part of the stock moderately tight with bass, beginning a little below the incision, proceeding upward so as to keep the eye uncovered, finishing above the incision. In a month after the operation, examine whether the bud has united with the stock. If it has succeeded, the bud will be full and fresh; if not, it will be brown and contracted. When it has taken, untie the bandage, that the bud may swell, and in a few days afterward cut the head of the stock off about six inches above the inoculation, and prevent all shoots from growing by pinching them off. This will forward the bud, which will push and ripen wood this season. But it must be carefully tied as it grows to the remaining head of the stock. Some do not head down the stock until the following spring, thereby not encouraging the bud to grow, which, if winter sets in early, is the safest method."

Carnations and pinks, which may have been laid in June, will be fairly rotted off and fit for transplanting by the middle of August. "Raise them nearly out of the earth, with as many of the root fibers as possible; cut off the naked part of the stem close to the fibrous roots, and trim away the straggling leaves. Plant the finest sorts in four-inch pots in the form of a triangle, which can be separated in the spring to plant in the garden. Any of the principal stools should be (if in the ground) lifted and put into seven-inch pots to be preserved; the others may be allowed to stand through the winter, covering them with a few dried leaves. Keep them in the shade a few weeks, when they may be fully exposed. Give gentle and frequent sprinklings of water until they have taken fresh roots. Or, if in want of pots, mark out a bed that can be covered with a frame, preparing the soil therein properly. Plant them from four to six inches apart; shade them from the sun until they begin to grow, giving sprinklings of water over their foliage every evening.

Bulbous Roots.—"Look over the bulbs that are out of the ground, and examine those that require planting: Of *Fritillaria* there are about twenty species, but few of them generally cultivated, except *F. Imperialis*, Crown Imperial, and *F. Persica*. Of the former there are many splendid varieties, such as *Crown upon Crown*, *Lutea Maxima*, striped leaved, double flowered, etc. These will require planting, and ought not to be lifted often more than every third year. They require a deep, rich, and loamy soil, and if in beds, plant them from five to seven inches deep, and one foot apart. They will grow under the shade of the trees, or in any situation where the soil is adapted for them. No imbricated or sealy bulb ought to be retained long out of the ground. When any of these are lifted, and the young bulbs taken off, they should be planted at once."

Sowing Seeds of Bulbous Roots.—"Where any seeds of these are saved, with the intention of sowing, let it be done this month. Procure boxes about seven inches deep, and, in size, proportioned to the quantity to be sown. Put five inches of light sandy soil in the box, level it smoothly, and sow the seeds separately and thickly; cover with half an inch of light sandy loam with a portion of earth from the woods. Keep the box or boxes in a sheltered situation, giving frequent sprinklings of water, to keep the earth damp, which must be protected with a frame, or covered with leaves during the winter. The plants will appear in the spring, and must be watered and kept in the shade. When the leaves decay in June, put one inch more soil upon them, and the second year they can be planted with the small offsets in the garden, and treated as other bulbs. They must be carefully marked every year. Tulips require several years of trial before their qualities are known, and a poor soil is best suited to produce their characters after the first bloom."

Hot-House.—This is quite a leisure month in this department. Any re-pottings neglected in May or June may be attended to in August. Young plants, the roots of which have filled the pots, should now be transferred to those of a size larger. This is a proper season for repairs, painting, lining, renewal of tan beds, etc. **GREEN-HOUSE.**—See last month. See *American Flower Garden Directory* for July. **PLANTS IN ROOMS.**—See directions of last month.

IMPROVEMENT OF LOW LANDS.

BY H. C. VAIL.

The months of July and August are favorable seasons for the drainage and renovation of swamps and low grounds which can not be readily worked during the more unpropitious portions of the year. There are few farms which do not embrace a fair share of wet lands, rendering scarcely any return to the owner for capital invested. Many of these tracts occupy elevated positions, and thus do not strictly fall within the term, low lands, but still should be considered as such, since in other respects their condition is the same.

Wet meadows usually yield a tolerably good bite of grass early in the season, and for this reason are regarded with favor by many farmers. The grass is usually of a coarse quality, and is frequently nothing but rushes. The soil contains a large amount of vegetable matter, which has been slowly accumulating for a number of years. It is the result of the washing of neighboring uplands by rains and freshets, and also of the continual decay of vegetable matter annually growing on the surface of the meadow. Were this decay allowed to go on, the growth of vegetation would be much more luxuriant and of finer quality; but from the presence of too much water the soil is suffused, and every pore so fully charged, that decay is arrested at a point which leaves the product in a form unfit for assimilation, except by the coarser and more valueless varieties of grasses. Vegetable acids are formed which are inimical to the growth of choice plants. The constant evaporation of water from the surface of the meadow reduces the temperature of the soil, which alone would render it unfit for the production of crops.

The first step to be taken in renovating low lands is to remove the water by *THOROUGH DRAINAGE*, and thus allow the decay of vegetable matter to proceed, and also admit the free admission of the atmosphere to prepare the inorganic elements of plants for assimilation. Open drains are both expensive and inefficient for such purposes. They are expensive, because the banks are continually caving in, and frequently require removal. These accidents are most apt to occur at such seasons of the year when the full operation of the drains is most required, for at those periods, the soil being thoroughly charged with water, it is apt to slide. They are also expensive from the fact that too much surface is occupied and the cultivation of the meadow much impeded by the necessity of turning frequently; whereas, when covered drains are employed, the whole surface may be tilled, and those portions over the drains will prove to be more valuable than any other. The reason for this will be evident to every observing mind.

Open drains are inefficient. 1st. Because they are so liable to be clogged by falling masses of earth, that the water is not carried off rapidly enough to give the requisite conditions for growth. 2d. Because they never drain the whole mass of soil thoroughly.

Covered drains are the most economical when properly constructed. Tills laid at a depth of from three to five feet, the depth varying according to the amount of fall, answer the best purpose; being made in pieces of fourteen inches in length, they are less liable than any other material to sink into the soil, should it be soft, and thus clog the drain. Where the bottom is too soft to admit of laying them alone with safety, they should be underlaid with slabs or plank. Stone drains will not last for a great length of time in soft meadows, and therefore never should be used for draining lands of that character. In sections of the country where it is impossible to obtain suitable tile or stone for draining, rails and slabs have been successfully used for forming an underground conduit. Even brush has been turned to good account for a short time; but we do not believe in laying cheap drains so long as it is possible to put down those of a substantial character, feeling fully confident that the latter will prove cheaper in the end, and not much more expensive at first than the former.

The course of the drains will depend upon the topography of the meadow and the amount of fall to be obtained, hence no general directions can be given to regulate such particulars; but when properly arranged, so that the minor drains shall have fall enough to empty themselves freely into the mains, and the latter are capacious enough to discharge the whole volume flowing into them during the wettest times, there will be no necessity for unsightly open ditches.

After the drains are properly arranged, and the soil fairly rid of the excess of water, but not allowed to become too dry so as to present too much resistance to the plow, the surface should be broken up by a strong team, first removing all bushes, stumps, and hawsoks which may impede such operations. These may either be burned and the results spread over the surface, or their more peaty portions decomposed by the use of the "salt and lime mixture," "potash," or lime, after which they may be used to compost with manures. The subsoil plow should be used in the bottom of every furrow made by the surface plow, thus loosening the soil to a greater depth, and allowing the water to pass off more freely.

The surface of the plowed ground should then be thoroughly harrowed until reduced to the proper condition for future culture. If this be done before the tenth of July, a crop of buckwheat may be grown the same season, and any time before the twentieth of August will answer for the planting of a crop of turnips. Either or both of these crops should have the benefit of a dressing of *guano*, improved superphosphate of lime, *podrette*, or some other good fertilizer capable of producing a rapid growth.

Crops grown on low meadows of a peaty character are inclined to lodge from the want of a sufficient amount of silica in the outer coating of the stalks. This deficiency is remedied in part by burning the hawsoks and other refuse, and spreading the ashes broadcast over the soil, thus supplying silica in small quantities in a soluble form. In some localities it may become an easy task to cart a coating of sand or gravel on the surface of the meadow, and thus supply some soluble silica, and at the same time alter the mechanical condition of the soil very materially.

In the immediate neighborhood of soap manufacturers the spent lyes of the soap-boilers may be drawn out on carts, or wagons rigged for such purpose, and either used for wetting composts to be applied to the soil, or deposited on heaps of furrow formed by throwing together two heavy furrows with a large plow and closing the ends, thus making a long, narrow trough for the reception of the fluid wastes. The whole should be allowed to remain in this state during winter, when the action of frosts will disintegrate and prepare the mass for use. Early in spring spread this over the surface of the meadow, and there will be no fear of grass or grain lodging, if the whole be properly done. Unleached ashes applied plentifully will also supply soluble silicates.

The necessity of adding other special manures to the soil can best be determined by an accurate chemical analysis, but it will be at all times safe to apply composts formed of farm-yard manures, muck, decomposed by the aid of the "salt and lime mixture," and bones dissolved in sulphuric acid. In many instances a heavy dressing of lime, or, better still, of the "salt and lime mixture" would be a judicious application, ridding the soil of acids, and causing a more rapid and thorough decomposition and preparation of organic matter, and the consequent liberation of the inorganic portions (or such as would be left on its combustion), or to serve as food for plants.

Every acre of peaty low land THOROUGHLY DRAINED, SUBSOILED, and judiciously managed, will prove more valuable than two or three acres of ordinary upland, and we hope to see farmers more enthusiastic in their endeavors to reclaim the thousands of acres which are at present odious to the sight, injurious to the health, and a loss to every individual possessing them, as well as to the community at large. Thus far we have only spoken of low lands containing so much vegetable matter as to render them peaty in their character. There is another class almost devoid of organic matter, and generally of a clayey texture, but which are very valuable when reclaimed. They should never be plowed while wet; the drains should be in operation long enough to carry off the water in excess, after which the whole should be ridged, back furrowed, subsoiled to the greatest possible depth, and allowed to remain thus during the whole winter, when alternate freezings and thawings will render it pulverulent and ready to be worked in early spring. Treated in this manner, the nature and productions of the soil will be wholly changed, and what was before difficult of cultivation may be tilled with ease. Soils of this nature are greatly benefited by dressings of decomposed muck, charcoal dust, plowing in of crops, or the addition of any compost containing a large amount of vegetable and animal matter.

Original Poetry.

THE ISLAND OF THE BLEST.

The following poem, furnished us by a friend of the author, was written by Augustine Duganne (a well-known poet and author), at the age of thirteen. Mr. Duganne has written much in behalf of social reform and a better developed humanity, and is now the editor of *The Iron Man*, a journal devoted to the elevation of the laboring classes, and *The Ragged School Reporter*, a monthly publication in the interest of the lately introduced "Ragged Schools," so-called, in this and other cities. The poem under notice is highly meritorious, considering the author's age at the time of its composition:

PART I.

Far in the distant southern seas,
Where, borne upon the evening breeze,
The ravished seaman hears
A strain of more than mortal pow'r
Come gently in the evening hour,
As if, once more, the spheres
Had joined in mystic harmony
Above that placid, moonlit sea.

Far in that southern sea there lies,
Beneath perpetual summer-skies,
The "Island of the Blest,"
No mortal eye its shores hath seen,
Its gardens ever fresh and green
No mortal foot hath press'd;
But oft is heard that dulcet strain
Flout sweetly o'er the moonlit main.

In quiet sleeps the blessed Isle,
Its flowery paths forever smile—
Forever freshly bloom;
Amid the quiet groves repose
In peace the radiant souls of those
Who once have pass'd the tomb—
The Spirits of the infant band
Who early sought the Spirit-land.

Sweet children! in their very birth
Transplanted from this dreary earth
To realms of happiness,
Obedient to his loved command,
The father of the angel band,
They ever seek to bless,
And with protesting influence guide
The voyager on life's dark tide.

Each bright and spotless Spirit-child,
With guardian pow'r and counsel mild,
An earthly soul attends,
And whispers in its "still, small voice,"
The path of light—the better choice—
To erring earthly friends;
Men feel their care, and in them trace
The guardian-angels of our race.

In dreams they gladden mortal eyes,
We hear their holy anthems rise,
We see their seraph forms;
The dreams that o'er us sweetly steal,
When slumbers calm our eyelids seal,
And banish waking storms,
And waft us in our balmy sleep,
Where holy angels vigils keep.

We hear them in the gentle air
That mildly comes from gardens fair,
We know their angel-song;
We know those strains of minstrelsy,
That greet our hearts so soothingly,
To angel-harps belong—
We listen, wondering, to the lay,
That comes and dies so soon away.

And often, on the glassy lake,
When zephyrs scarce a ripple make,
We see their angel-wings
Flash, like a meteor, o'er the stream,
When not a lingering moonbeam
Its silver luster flings;
We feel our guardian-angel near,
And banish every thought of fear.

And when we seek the lonely wood,
The calm retreat of solitude,
We hear a whisper low
That calls our name—then, fearful, pause
To trace the strange, mysterious cause
That makes our hearts throbb' slow;
Oh, heed we then the warning call,
And break the world's enticing thrall!

Bright, in the Island of the Blest,
Eternal is the Spirit's rest,
And from that happy home
They come to bless each mortal birth,
And guide the soul that o'er the earth
Through life's dull ground must roam,
To check the tears that mortals shed,
And bless the mourner's chastened head.

Alas! that in that blessed Isle
A tear should chase the radiant smile
That happy Spirits wear!
Alas! that man's unsoftened breast
Should cast away the happy rest
That bright immortals share,
And thorny paths in darkness wind,
Deserted by his angel-friend!

PART II.

The village bells peal joyfully,
The peasant's song is loud and free,
And all betokens joy;
An heir is born to Merton's lord,
And clust'ring friends with glad accord,
All hail the blooming boy;
The happy parents greet their child—
His guardian-angel saw and smiled.

The infant in his cradle sleeps,
His mother near her vigil keeps
Beside the gentle child;
Oh, mark that smile of heavenly grace
Illume the infant's happy face
And beam with luster mild;
The mother keeps not watch alone—
It was the angel's smile that shone.

The child, no more an infant frail,
Now bounded o'er hill and dale,
In childhood's boisterous glee—
Now climb'd the craggy mountain brow,
Now roamed amid the woods—and now,
Upon the summer sea,
He urged his tiny skiff along,
And peal'd his ever-happy song.

All loved the smiling, fearless boy,
So lovely in his flowing joy;
And deep Eruilo felt
The kindness of the friends around,
Who all his childish wishes crown'd;
And when at eve he knelt,
For them he poured his prayer above,
His guardian-angel smiled in love.

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